What’s in a name.

In 1959 my parents moved to Germany because my father was transferred by the army . He was a food inspector and made sure the food was safe for our soldiers serving our country . My parents were newly married with two children Kevin aged five and Cathy three. They had been there an unknown amount of time because I never heard that part of the story. I only know that on October 11th my brother Kevin was waiting for my dad to come home from the base for lunch and he was leaning against the window screen explaining to his friend down below that he couldn’t play. When suddenly the window screen broke loose and he fell three stories to his death.

I never knew him. But it was his name that I carry. Karin spelled differently to honor Kevin. I was born October 12th exactly one year later to a grieving, tormented mother and an older sister who claimed responsibility for pushing Kevin’s shirt out the window